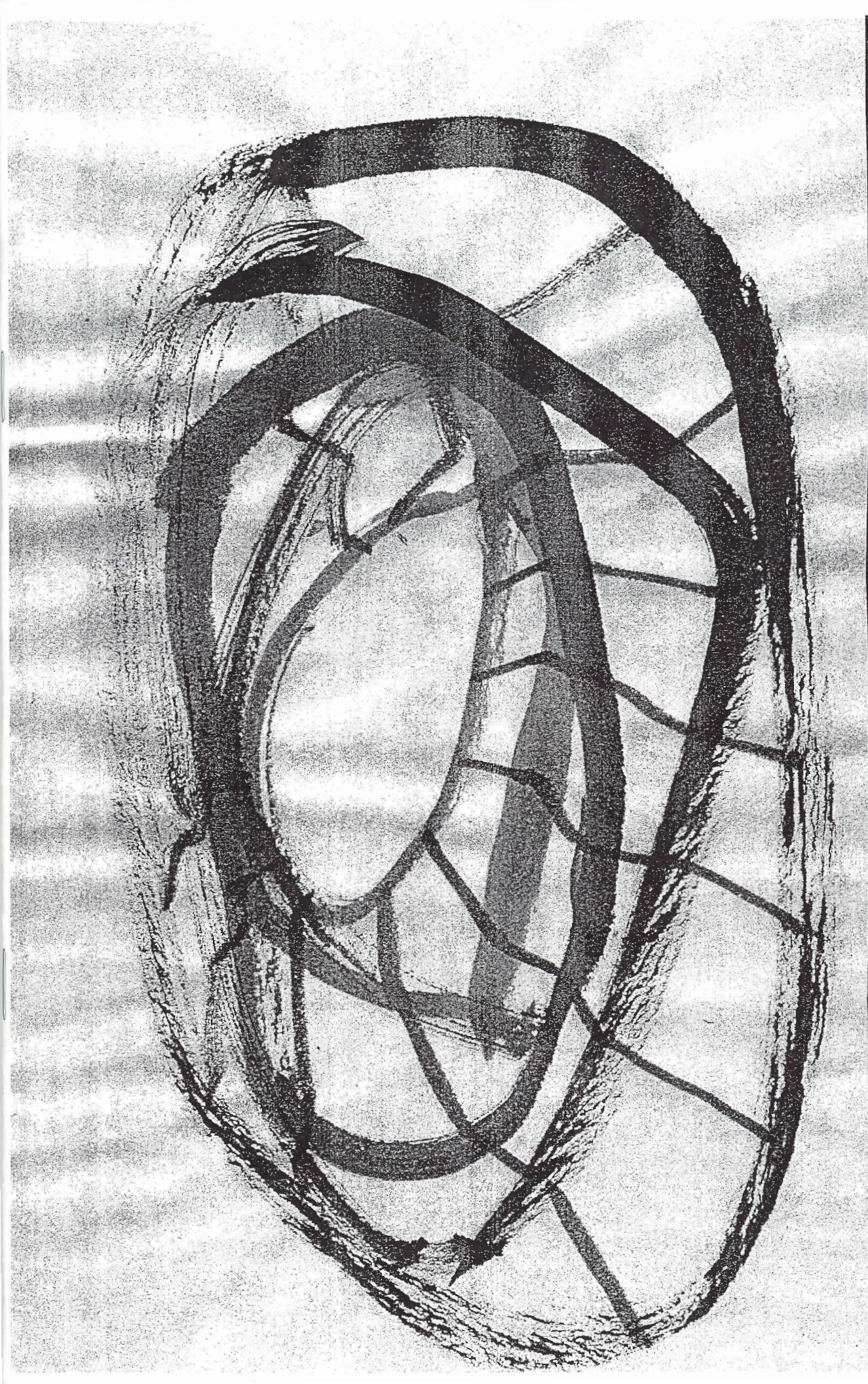


[2009 Spring]

W B O R N Z I N E

VOL I
ISSUE III





Letter from the Editors

Dear Readers,

I wrote a letter like this for the first 'Zine. I was proud of it because it accomplished what prefatory notes should accomplish. But it was a fluke.

The time of the second issue neared. I was able to postpone the inevitable moment by praising the idea of Tucker Hermans, WBOR's Station Manager, translating my original letter into German. Without the English version in the issue, the Letter from the Editor alienated most of our extensive, extensive readership. This seemed aligned with some presumed purpose of The 'Zine that probably does not exist. On that page I even included a graphic that resembles a brick wall in order to say, "Do not penetrate me. I am The 'Zine!"

Here are some personal facts. My middle name is Robert. I won a fight in second grade. Today I am wearing a green shirt.

This was the best I could do.

Apologetically,
Danny Lorberbaum
Co-Editor

'ZINE STAFF EDITORS

ALYSSA PHANITDASACK.....The Last Samurai
KRISTINA GOODWIN.....Bukowski
DANNY LORBERBAUM.....Twinkle Toe
PETER McLAUGHLIN.....Pele

STAFF

SARAH WOOD.....The NHL
KATE KROSSCHELL.....Sinbad (the actor)
BRYANT JOHNSON.....Dutch
SETH GLICKMAN.....Chris O'Donnell as Robin
MAGGIE BRENNER.....Rimbaud
CHRISTINE RUTAN.....Sinbad (the comedian)
JENNA BREITER.....Santa Maria
ZACHARY COFFIN.....Sinbad (the family man)

Email submissions to wborzine@gmail.com!

Praise for The 'Zine:

"I believe in two books: *The Bible* and *Don Quixote*. As far as alternative publications at Bowdoin College, there is only one choice. The 'Zine is where it's at!"

-Thomas Mann

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SUGGESTED LISTENING
ARE YOU LISTENING?

DISQUISITION FROM A TOPLESS CAFE
CONCERT CALENDAR - april-may 2009

cover design: drawing by jenna breiter

shelley barron

kate kroschell

sam duchin

christine rutan

lovely djs

anonymous

sarah wood

peter mclaughlin

jeffery alvarez

1 1/2!

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Aspen's Tea Recipe

Dudley Coe care packets not working on your cold?

Try these teas: My interpretation of a friend's remedy based on some ancient Chinese recipe.

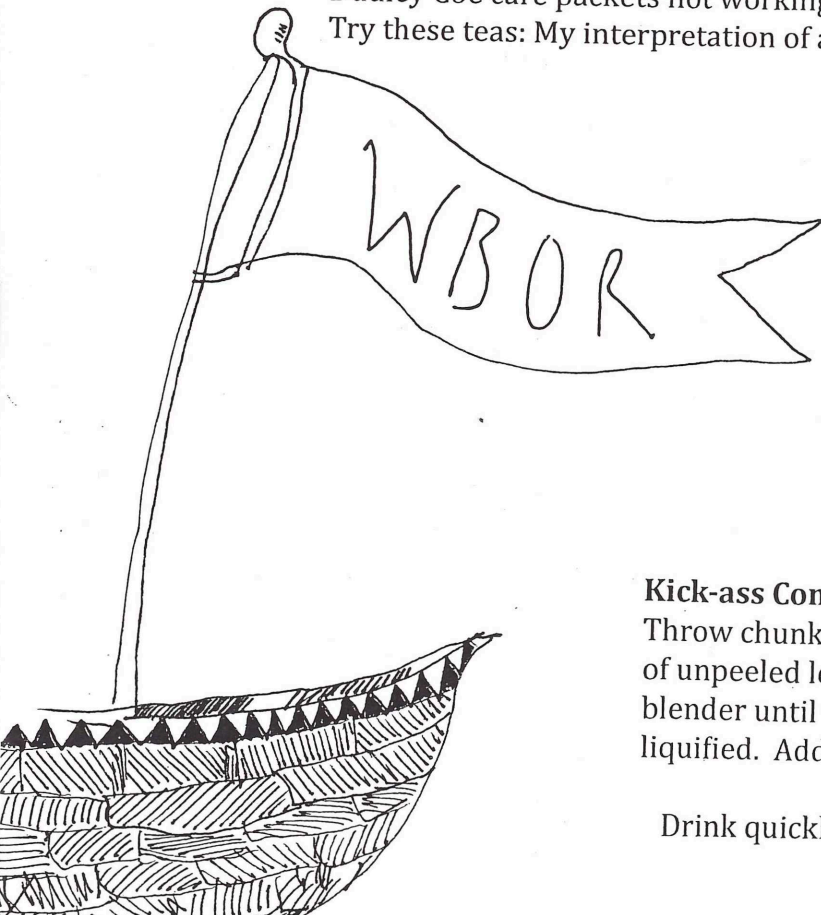
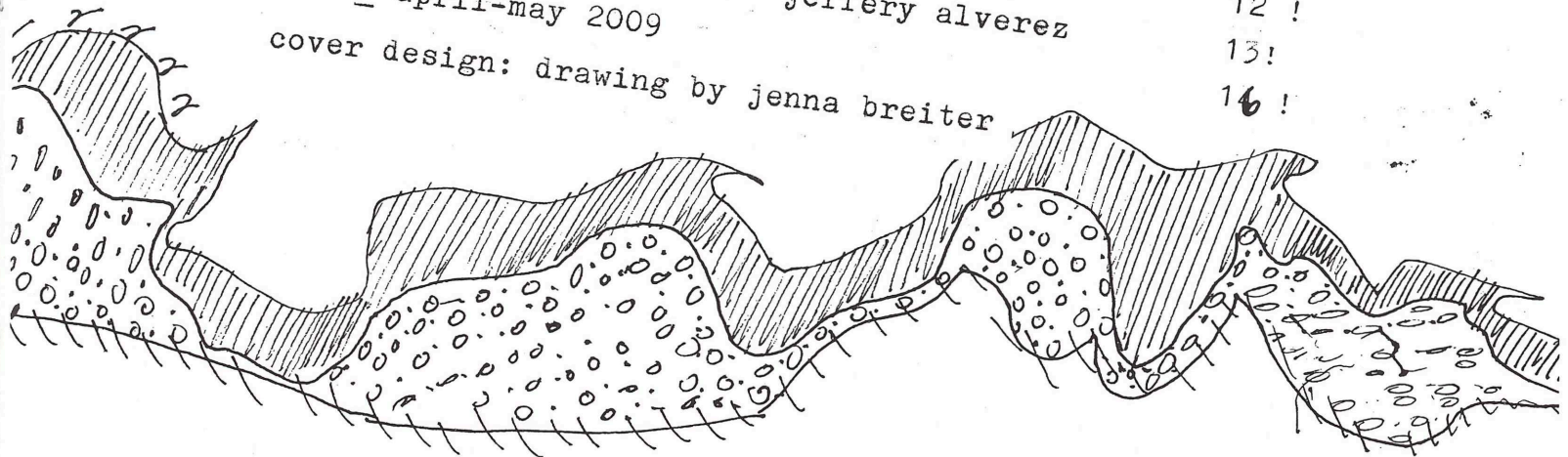
Cozy Tea

1. Put water in a pan on the stove. (Add a black or green tea bag if you would like).
2. Chop up a good bit of ginger and boil it with the water.
3. Squeeze a lemon into the tea, and add large spoonfuls of honey.
4. Stir lazily and pour into a ceramic mug.
5. Sit under a warm blanket on a soft couch, wrap both hands around the mug, and breath in the steam. Slip slowly

Kick-ass Concoction

Throw chunks of ginger, slices of unpeeled lemon, and spoonfuls of honey into a blender until liquified. Add water if necessary.

Drink quickly -- bottoms up!



Lessons from the Sul: round III
by Shelley Barron

We survived, thankfully. My friend and I made it out of Rocinha just fine. I bought an anklet from one of the street-children for R\$2, and wore it until the threads of blue and green and yellow began to wither in November.

My last night in Rio arrived. Kirsty and I celebrated by meeting up with a young Rio native, Leo, and his friends at a street party in Lapa. I wrote the following on my night a few days later (I thought I'd share it with you):

Underneath Decaying Arches

One (final) evening in Rio my friend and I dolled up our faces, pruned our lashes and lips with vibrant reds and purples and left to meet a newly discovered carioca: Leo, a lion, who nearly devoured my friend -- particularly her neck --the night earlier.

My last night in the cidade maravilhoso, we drank six rounds too many before embracing the southern stars. We laughed on the cab ride to Lapa, smoking cigarettes with our driver, sticking my head out the window, breathing the sweet and salty air.

We met underneath the arches -- once a Testament to the city's great achievements, now more a forgotten relic reclaimed by a youthful generation of bohemians and hedonists. Introduced to "Julian," a friend of the Lion, I suppose I should have known better.

But the samba and cachaca and roasting meats obscured the clarity of my good senses, and I handed over my body.

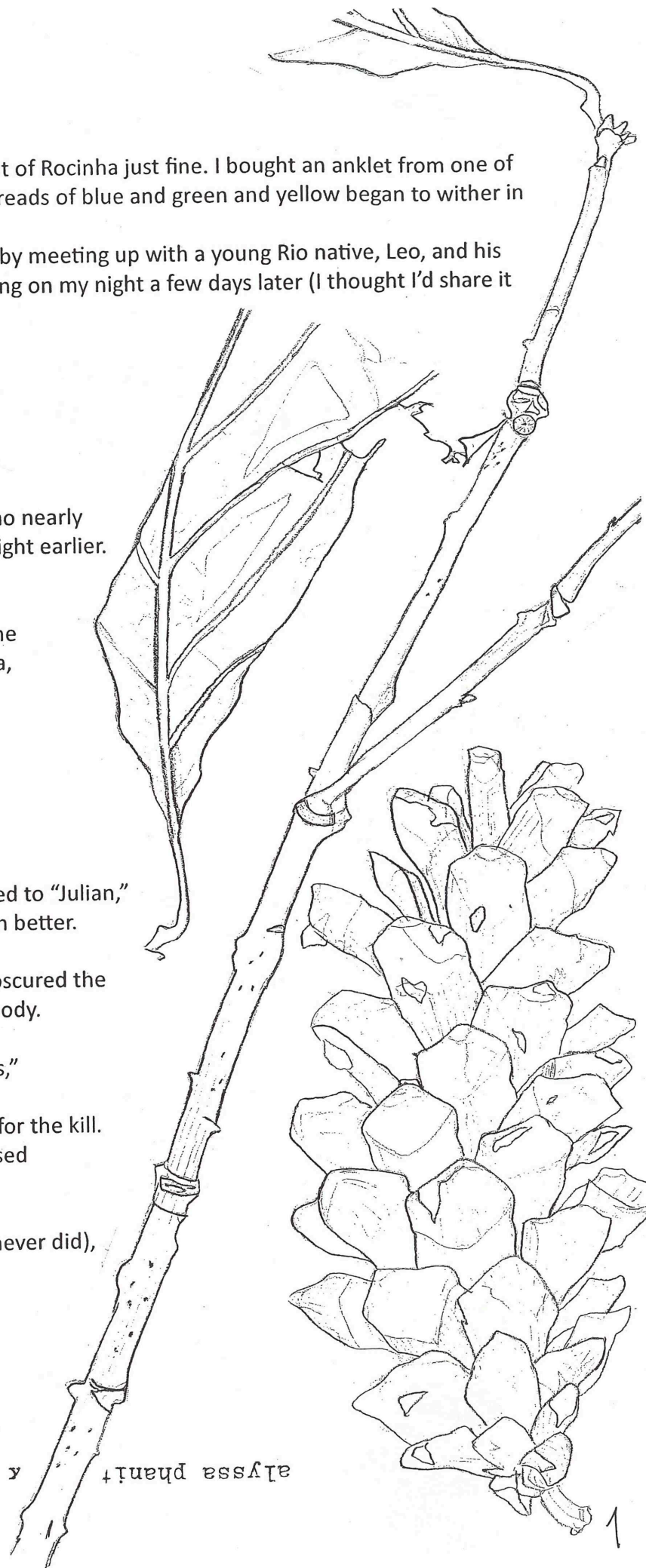
"I would like to give you more good remeberences,"

he smoothly offered, held my side, and moved in for the kill. Seduced by the smells and broken English, we kissed for an effervescent moment.

He left soon-after, saying he'd return (though he never did), And I munched on fire-smoked cheeses, waiting.

Then the sun rose on the city,
on the rocks and lagoons,
on the slums and palms,
and on the mighty Corcovado, in its misted glory.

alyssa phant+ x



Music and Nostalgia

Kate Kroschell '09

When I was growing up, I liked to hold my parents' cassettes in my hands during long car rides. I would stare at the portraits of Peter Gabriel or Sting while their music filled the car because, somehow, looking at a photo of the person who made the music made my listening experience more complete. At the time I just wanted to match a human face to the sounds, but now I realize that I was actually appreciating the fact that recorded music is tangible. Nick Hornby's book *High Fidelity* sums up nicely this pleasure of being able to hold music in our hands: "This is my life, and it's nice to be able to wade in it, immerse your arms in it, touch it." I'm no record collector, but my exploration of music (and its ever-increasing centrality in my life) started with this practice of matching the melodies with the images that accompany them on cassettes. Then, as CDs replaced cassettes and album art became more extensive, my appreciation for the tangibility of recorded music changed again. Looking at the design of the song titles on the back cover helped me better envision the creative and artistic processes behind the music. Images by and of the band illuminated music as a human creation for me, with both universal emotions and complex thoughts behind it. I know it sounds sappy, but to this day, music isn't just about the inherent musical qualities, but rather about the human creativity that generates and disseminates emotion.

Now, however, mp3s have posed a problem for me: I can't hold them in my hands (only their partnered electronic devices). While I love the accessibility of my playlists ad infinitum, I need to know that despite all its electronic manipulations, there are humans behind recordings. But I can't see this humanity in our current listening devices. This is why I prefer to play CDs and not mp3s on my radio show on WBOR, and why I read about artists in music magazines if I only have their mp3s. I want some image of a creator, not a machine.

In other words, I have to know that the emotions I experience have some sort of counterpart in another human. I've recently realized that because it isn't tangible, the music also feels less permanent, even though I want my iPod around all the time. Each song is transitory, a passing moment on a playlist, so I have a constant desire to discover new music, to find a new beat or melody that will grab my heart, to fill in the hole with other songs. Yet once I feel I've heard each song to its fullest, I feel my appetite for new music growl again. In other words, mp3s have made it so I'm rarely completely satisfied.



In turn, I'm less able to recognize the humanity of it all, so my emotional connection to the music feels like it's fading away. For a class, I recently had to subject myself to twelve hours without music. First of all, I couldn't get Britney's "Circus" out of my head – quite an unpleasant experience. But more importantly, spending twelve hours without music highlighted just how much I had perceived my relationship with music to be solitary. During those twelve hours, my emotions felt muted – I felt a bit dour, as if something subtle was missing. Until this point, I had used music as a personal tool, from which only I could derive specific emotional meanings. Because of those twelve hours that edged toward emotional emptiness, what is apparent now is that the emotionality I experience with music is not just a byproduct of the chords or lyrics, because my emotions are fusing with the artists' when I listen.

Continue -->



PANDAS
NEVER LIE!

I've Been Gone: Moscow & Tacoma

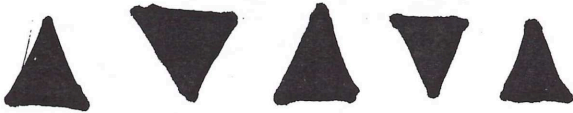
Photo Series by Sam Duchin

Seen this way, the artists who produce the music have established a relationship with me, and we play off each others' emotions.

This shared emotion is not unlike the give-and-take one of exchanging mix CDs with a love interest; we may have different intentions or thoughts behind them, but we are still experiencing music together from a common source. Perhaps this new way of looking at my music brings with it a solution to my problem of tangibility: instead of needing a visual representation of the human creators of a certain song, I can think of the relationships I create through music. Sounds pretty fulfilling to me. Who knows, maybe acknowledging this solidarity—not solitude—of my music listening will actually bring me closer to those moments during my childhood when I felt connected to the faces on those cassettes.

A tangible playlist:

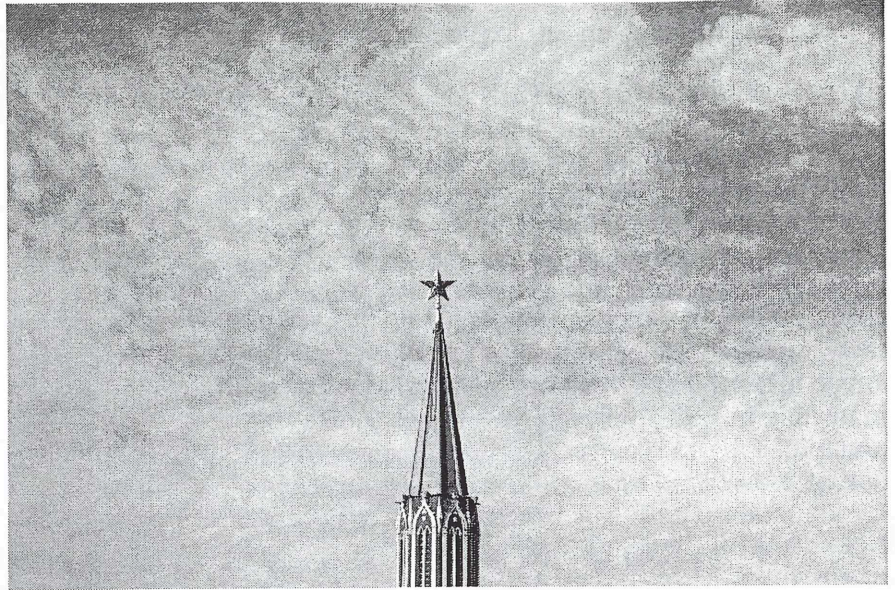
1. Peter Gabriel - Red Rain
2. Sting - We'll Be Together
3. Rogue Wave - Temporary
4. Britney Spears - Circus
5. The New Pornographers - Adventures in Solitude



I remember last week

- I remember snowflakes misting down from trembling branches, the silence of stopping, and the joy of the time warp.
- I remember dark floorboards, gracefully weathered by the natural rhythm of trampling-trudging feet year after year after year.
- I remember a purple ball frozen in timespace by his imagination and the whipping cold of the sunlight's scalpel.
- I remember whips of her hair, decidedly, yet delicately, resting on her nose, her cheek, her lips.
- I remember her father's remembrance: lucky number three, corpse bridges, and a tragic rootedness in reality that sunk into my heart, something to be admired.

Sam Modest



sleep Mix #4

"My Juvenile," by Bjork, off "Volta"
"Bees." by Animal Collective. off "Feels"



An Introduction to the Other Portland

Christine Rutan



You have maybe heard about my home: Portland, Oregon. You have maybe heard about the Dandy Warhols, The Decemberists, The Shins, Britt Daniel, or that guy from Everclear. And maybe you even saw that awful MTV segment about us? But that's not my Portland.

My dirty little secret, I should admit, is that I'm not actually from Portland. I live a half-hour outside of the city, in a stiflingly preppy town that has been a source of much embarrassment in my life. It made me an outsider, and so, for a long time, Portland was like any other city to me. It had three or four major all-ages venues and a couple big name bands; if you wanted to spend twenty-five dollars you could see a touring band play for a crowd made up mostly of several hundred loud teenagers. But over the past two years, Portland has grown a lot smaller and a lot more friendly.

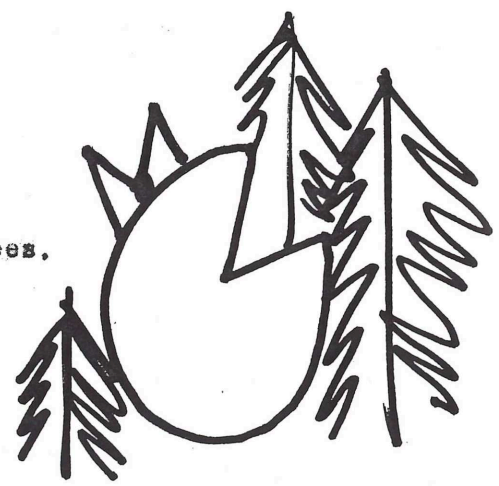


Over winter break, I saw a band called Mega*Church play in an internet café, dressed in shiny jumpsuits, capes, and space helmets, and waving light sabers as they sang. Behind them, projected on a screen, was *Echo the Dolphin* (the 16-bit Sega Genesis game) being played by a boy from the crowd. The band that opened for them, Deelay Ceelay, instructed the audience to "text the Text Manatee," and gave out the number of one of their phones. It was a gimmick, for sure, but somehow everyone in the room (myself included) could take it completely seriously.



There's a popular bumper sticker in our town that reads: KEEP PORTLAND WEIRD. The music community seems to have taken that message to heart. There's YACHT, whose laptop electronic pop always prompts the crowd to imitate his jolted dancing. On the other side, there's Starfucker, a band that went through a several-month-long phase of cross dressing and stop-and-start renditions of songs that made it nearly impossible to dance.

pee on the florist.
the tinies they'll get ya. the office crawfish!
rock us you caucus .
crumble pat to sleep in the inferno.
how do you pee if you have no knees said the fleas to the trees.
jingle jump said the bump to herrump.

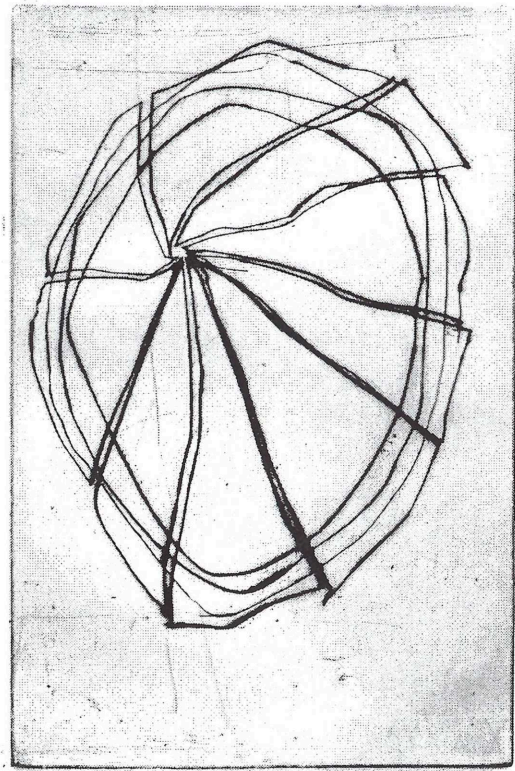


Dear vest Magvin Pants.
You eyes are bluestones in vulture remains.
Kuv Sa
luv samvel

the bluest eye rabng true in the darkness of the bright light of the night
feeling produced by the lingering sentiments of unremembered experience rang against the
steel drum of her former life. She blinked in remembering how she was only a bubble in the
champagne of someone else's c shopenhaurian life. And so I say to you dear sammi.: Go forth
and forget not the love of those who have you forward off into the infinite abyss. It asks only
infinite love,
Kazgins

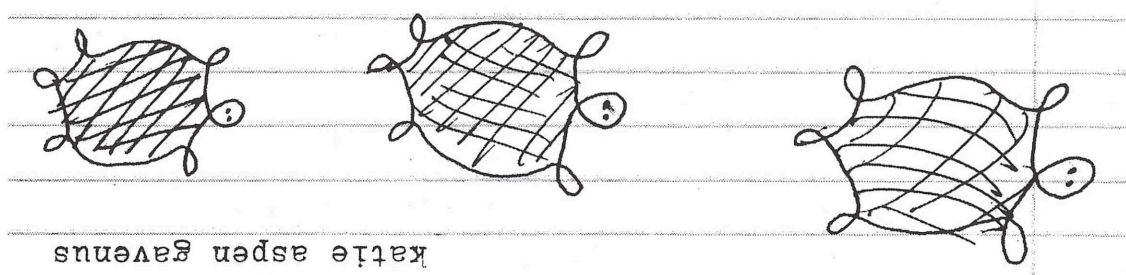
Dear Masggie Tagg y
Glad to mett le with the nettles.

Duggle
There's Blind Pilot, who embarked on a west coast tour by bike (not to make any sort of environmental statement, but simply because it seemed like a fun idea), and Mirah, who wrote an entire album about bugs and had to kick everyone out of her CD release party because the space was only rented until 11 PM. The first time I saw Mattress, he wandered around the stage during sound check, whispering in the microphone, "The music is lost. The music is lost," as he tried to fix his equipment, and then, "I found the music," after which he writhed his way through the set. And I'm not sure anyone really likes Atole, an electronic five-piece that's fronted by a man who's generally recognized as the city's worst DJ, but we go to their shows anyway.



jenna breiter

It can be a gaudy city, and maybe a little self-destructive, but it's entirely sincere and staggeringly accepting. You don't live here? Portland doesn't care. Portland will be your friend anyway, because it's weird and awkward and that means it really can't afford to turn new friends away. That's Portland.



katie aspen gavenus

Best of Spring '09 DJ Haikus

we are pretty drunk
i'm not wearing any pants
now it hurts to pee

cheshire cat grins down
watching, spying, gleefully
wonder where he sleeps

we fñkl up the air
with jazz, funk, rap, and indie
spirit of go you bear

there isn't much
i feel i need - just some
m^m vinyl, a needle

mitochondrial
neanderthol ancestors
baby light my fire

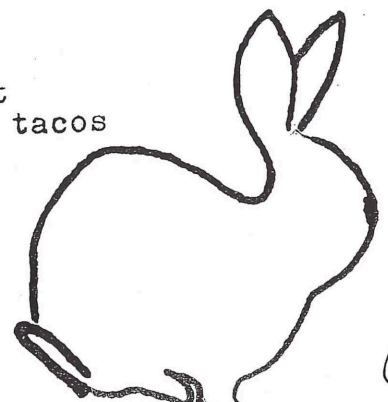
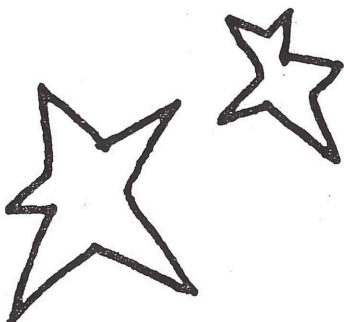
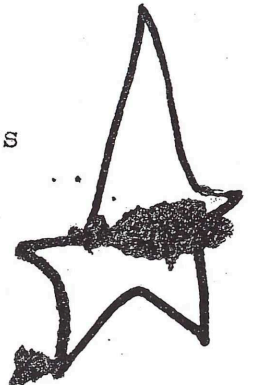
pigs in the forest
dancing in the dappled moonshade
see those loins bouncing

some great advice :
swimming 4-7
boogy down 24/7

i rode the fishes
we found the end of the world
the galaxies breathe

be careful rabbit
a coyote might eat you
bunnies have all ears

our mix tapes rock out
philly cheese-steaks and tacos
are most delicious



A Brief History of Music Acquisition

<< Back in the day (my day), you had few options for getting music. You could pretty much either buy a record / CD / tape at a brick-and-mortar store (I've done that), or listen to the radio and record it to a tape while trying your best to

a few facts remain: You don't know what you're getting, viruses are a significant possibility, and you will almost definitely get caught by the RIAA (I believe there was a study that said if you used

net. Many new sites sprang into existence to fill the void that remained: Waffles.fm and What.CD being the primary contenders initially. Despite a turbulent



avoid the irritating DJ noise and station IDs (done that too). But we are no longer back in the day. Today we (obviously) live in the present, not the past. The past is behind us, and we look forward to the future.

There are many differences between today and yesteryear (I hate that word), but if I had to guess, I'd say that probably the single greatest difference is that today we have a multitude of options for getting music. Some are more legal than others. I hope you'll accompany me as we embark on a journey of music-acquisitional exploration and discovery. We'll transition between the clearly illegal to the fairly shady to the completely legal options. I hope you have as much fun as I do!!

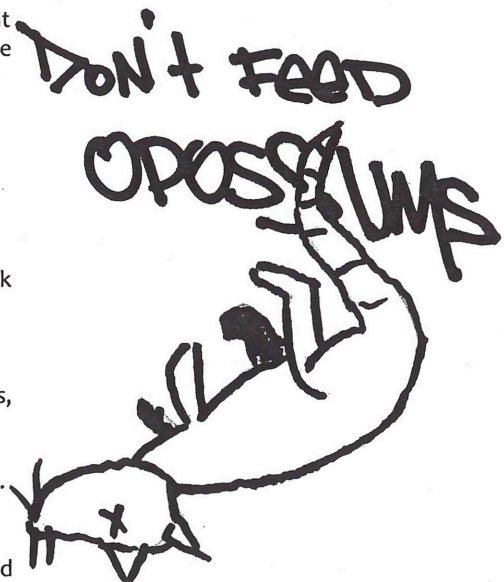
Napster. Those were the days. You typed in the name of a song, chose someone with a high connection speed, and downloaded what you hoped was that song. Sure, it took ~10 minutes per song, and you frequently ended up with the wrong file, but you could look up *any song* you could think of, and find most of the more mainstream ones. Incredible. Of course, Napster got shut down, but there are other P2P options that have replaced it: Limewire, Soulseek, Shareaza, eMule (I have never met anyone who used either that or its cousin, eDonkey, by the way) to name a few. Download speeds have gotten better, but

Limewire, you'd get caught something like 99% of the time). My opinion? Stay away. Stay far away.

Oink (or Oink's Pink Palace). This was the next level in illegal music sharing. And what a step it was. Rather than using a standard P2P client like Morpheus or whatnot, Oink was a bittorrent site. And not just any torrent site. It was private – invite only. You had to know someone on the inside. And they had a lot of music. Not only that, but there were strict quality requirements for uploads. MP3s had to be above 192 kbps, no exceptions. It was pretty incredible (not that I was involved at all, of course). Wikipedia estimates that it had around 180,000 members worldwide, with 200,000 torrents (you can think of a torrent as an album, although they had different albums in different encodings, so maybe they had 100,000 different albums). Members had to maintain a ratio of uploads to downloads, and have cute avatars. However, in late 2007, the site was forcefully shut down by INTERPOL and a few international equivalents to the RIAA. They raided the main guy's house, his place of work, his father's house, etc. It was a big deal, but nothing much came of it (I believe they fined a total of 4 people, maybe).

When Oink was shut down, a low rumbling of dissatisfaction began to build across the inter-

beginning for the two sites, What.CD appears to be the number one private music torrent site at the moment, and has eclipsed Oink's 200,000 torrents with nearly double that at the last estimation. (Continue -->)



Pros of private torrent sites: They're convenient; they're free; huge selection; good community; they're unbelievably convenient.

Cons of private torrent sites: They're illegal; they don't support the artists; you live in fear of getting bankrupted by the RIAA and its kin.

So now that we've discussed the major player in current illegal music downloading trends, let's move on to our next category: Pretty Shady.

The primary players in this category are Russian-based sites that sell music wholesale at remarkably low prices. Rather than price things by the song, or by the album, they priced things by the megabyte. Songs cost around 5 to 10 cents each, somewhere on the order of 10% of what they would cost on iTunes. The amusing part here was that the sites claimed they were legal—under Russian law. Apparently they were paying an organization called ROMS, but none of the major record labels here recognized ROMS as having any sort of legitimacy. Either way, the artists making the music certainly weren't getting any of the money. And meanwhile sites like ALLOfMP3 were selling songs for very very cheap. Also somewhat amusingly, these sites were cited (NO PUN INTENDED) as one of the factors keeping Russia out of the World Trade Organization. They're still up and operational: go to www.mp3sparks.com for an example.

Pros: Music by the pound, and cheap prices; a wide selection (more limited than the torrent sites); you won't get sued by the RIAA

Cons: 90% illegal (probably 95%, actually); you previously had to trust your credit card number to some Russian site; now they can't take credit cards since Mastercard / Visa / Paypal won't pay them.

Another option (much less shady) is the blogosphere (I also hate that word). This "scene" is all about music "bloggers" putting up their latest favorites. Indie music is heavily favored. You can use an aggregator like the Hype Machine to see what's popular, or just follow a few blogs (RSS is your friend) you enjoy.

Pros: very new music; popular; links to buy the albums.

Cons: Mostly limited to indie music; generally one or two songs per post; you don't choose what you get.

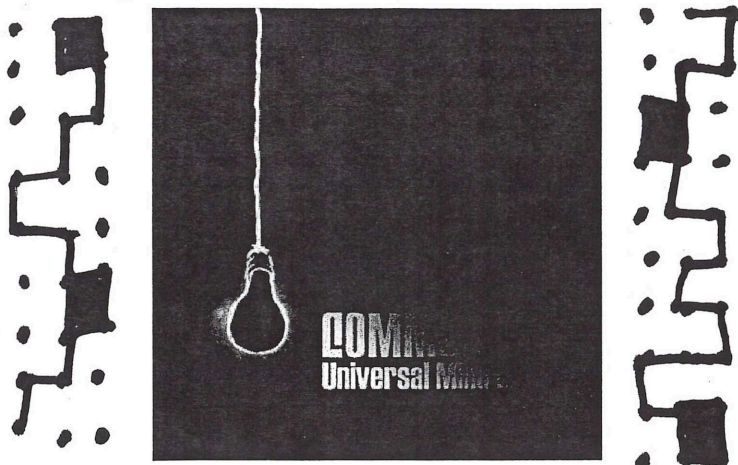
Finally we have probably the best-known option: music stores. I'm actually going to skip over them, since everyone knows all about them already and this article is far too long as it is. I'd like to talk about the various options available to you; streaming vs. downloading; ad-supported vs. paid; DRM; etc. But maybe later. In the meantime, don't steal music and be sure to support the people making it!!!!!!>>



Jay D.

Music Review

Nathan G. Fritz



*"Your sexual eruption got ya hitting ya head /
On the board and knock and screaming, oh lord /
We exchange like students cus I study abroad."*

Common's new album entitled "Universal Mind Control," named after the album's top single, features an array of hip hop styles and original lines like these from "Punch Drunk Love." At times, the Chicago native displays his usual charming and intelligent rapping talent, but this album branches out far more than its predecessors. Unlike Common's last album "Finding Forever," which was produced completely by Kanye West, the new album is produced by Pharrell Williams and Chad Hugo. These two are known as The Neptunes and have also created music for artists such as Ludacris, Snoop Dogg and Jay-Z. Their style is most evident on the track "Universal Mind Control," which consists of a beat driven by 80's style synth pads and traditional sounding drums, resembling tunes by Pharrell's band N.E.R.D. In this and others, Common raps out of his comfort zone in faster, segmented lines, and is simply not as captivating as he often is. As aforementioned, he occasionally strikes home with enchanting rhymes as found in "Punch Drunk Love." This track features Kanye West singing a chorus without the use of an auto-tune (for all of you who cannot stand his new synthesized, "sell-out" style) much like he did throughout his first album "College Dropout." Common continues to try his versatility with songs like "Make My Day," a pseudo-Outkast track, and "Gladiator," possibly the album's best recording.

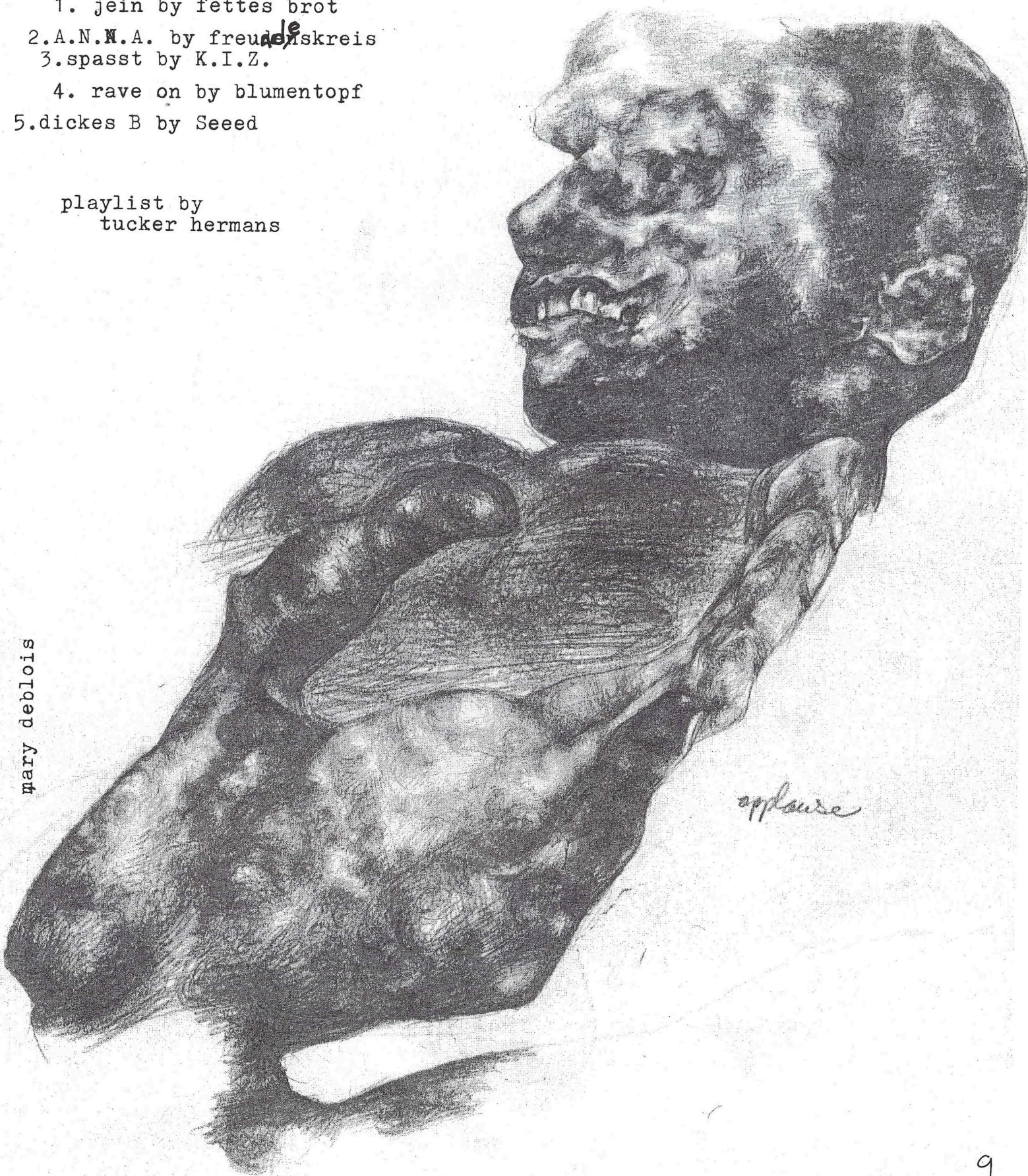
It features a harder beat with blasting horns, resembling Jay-Z's "Trouble." Common's flow in "Gladiator" is more intense than in the rest of the album, as he raps with a natural edge that is uncommon for the often soft-spoken rapper. Common's familiar, easygoing style is most apparent on "Changes," a track that displays similarities to his older "Come Close" and "Forever Begins." The album as a whole is best described as catchy and poppy at times. Overall, you will not hear the same Common as on albums like "Be" or "Electric Circus." The album may catch interest among first time listeners, but it probably will not interest the ears of older Common fans. I for one found myself listening to "Universal Mind Control" because it is Common, and because I needed ample support for such a review, but not because I specifically enjoy this album compared to his previous works.

8

five hip-hop songs to show you that German music is much more than tubas, techno, and Rammstein.

1. jein by fettes brot
2. A.N.N.A. by freunde^{de}skreis
3. spasst by K.I.Z.
4. rave on by blumentopf
5. dickes B by Seed

playlist by
tucker hermans



mary deblois

*?#!

If Hip-Hop Died, What the [expletive] is This Mutant Zombie Vampire Thing?!

By Hasan Elsadig

As sad as it might be to some, hip hop did die. But then it came back in zombie form, complete with diamond-studded grills (specifically for eating the brains of 12-year olds like Soulja Boy) and Auto-Tuned moaning and groaning. But you know what? That zombie WAS once a human...and there are still distinctly hip-hop remnants in the no-man's land of this once-great American music. In the same way that reports have been made of blinking eyes on a decapitated head, the true essence of hip hop still remains; the problem is that it's slowly becoming overwhelmed by what's basically shit.

This issue is too big to tackle as a whole, so let's just highlight some key things. I'd like to use a chart to represent this:

Hip-Hop	Shitty Hip-Hop	Shit
<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Simple-Yet-Complex beats • Lyricism: Metaphors and Flow • The Message: Politics, Trials and Tribulations 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • One drum-line, One bass-line • Let's superman a ho • The Message: (I think they're still trying to figure that out) 	<ul style="list-style-type: none"> • Turd plops in toilets • Groans as you Squeeze one out • The Message: I shouldn't have eaten 50 hot-wings



It's easy to see what happens when you try and merge hip-hop with feces.

Now, I'm not saying there's no good hip-hop left; there's plenty. The problem, then, isn't getting rid of the trash (because if nobody listens to it, it'll eventually fade out), it's stopping the good from becoming the bad. And style plays the biggest role here.

What's one of the biggest problems in hip-hop right now? A rapper does something, it gets him a lot of money, and now everyone who has even the slightest level of fame tries to mimic it. Don't believe me? Ask T-Pain. In an interview, he actually said that he wished people would stop cramping his style. His style. Of using a computer to make his voice sound....like a robot. The funny thing is, it worked. Until Lil' Wayne came along and decided that he'd much rather sound like a robot than himself while downing Promethazine. What happened to just rapping?

Of course, there are still plenty of people who do just that (Props to Lupe and Cory Gunz for their outstanding lyrical fortitude). The problem is, they aren't as well recognized, because they aren't spending millions on music videos or bitching about how they didn't win Video of the Year.

The next problem comes from people who attribute my previous point to rappers who really are just experimenting. Celebrities never stay the same age, and thought processes change. People called *808's and Heartbreak* crap, discounting the idea of concept albums. *Universal Mind Control* is labeled as "pop-y," even though I doubt Britney Spears could ever drop a 16 like Common. And *The Carter III*...well, as good as *that* album was, I think Wayne's starting to take a little too many drugs.

In the end, there's no way to encompass all the problems with hip-hop in one session. With that said there should be more to come. But we should all think of these issues as much as we can, even outside of the scope of hip-hop, because zombies only like brains for their taste (apparently).

I LIKE IKE!
I LIKE IKE!

GOOD HUMOR BAR

BOUGHT A CAR,
DROVE IT INTO A WALL.

BOUGHT A DOG,
LEFT HIM IN THE WOODS.

BOUGHT A GOOD HUMOR BAR,
DROPPED IT ON THE BEACH.

HENRY JAMISON

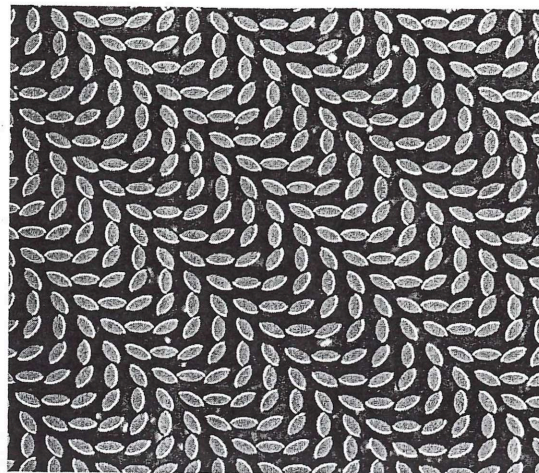
SUGGESTED LISTENING *by Sarah Wood*

Animal Collective – Merriweather Post Pavillion

At first glance, this album is super trippy. Though our high quality printing process might not capture it fully, the cover is moving. Anyway, focus. This review may be way late on the “MPP is fucking awesome” train, but I won’t let that stop me. This album is, indeed, fucking awesome. It does sound a great deal more influenced by pop stylings in structure and hooks, but pop isn’t always pejorative, hipsters, and they are still deeply weird. Watching the video for “My Girls,” which I won’t attempt to describe, made my brain feel melty.

A lot of what you would expect from the AC sound is here, cycles built on repetition, where hooks grow organically out of the weirdness. Most of the album is just about as psych-trippy as the cover. I probably enjoyed the slight shift in their sound—from a noisier sprawl to a tight pulse—as a result of my love of Panda Bear’s solo project Person Pitch, which seems to have pushed AC into more sampling-heavy writing. From the first listen, the repeated ethereal voices on slow burning track “Also Frightened” sticks to your brain, as AC asks “Will it be just like I’m dreaming?” And yes, this album is basically the best dream ever. Surreal and engaging, it makes you want to go back to sleep for another taste.

Top Tracks: “My Girls” and “Summertime Clothes”



Matt & Kim – Daylight

Matt and Kim are deliriously happy, and you can’t help but be infected by it. They would be the best road trip buddies ever. Relying on only a casio keyboard, drums and handclaps, they create hugely energetic pop songs. They also put together an even better live show that is basically the best dance party ever. They’re currently on tour with Cut Copy. This is a simple album, but more varied and complex than their last outing. I personally guarantee that Matt & Kim will put a smile on your face. Not in a creepy way.

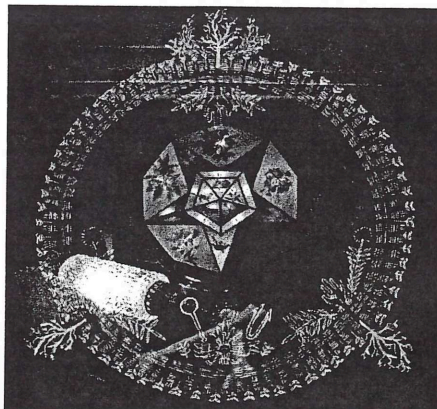
Top Tracks: “Daylight” and “Good ‘Ol Fashioned Nightmare”



J. Tillman – Vacillando Territory Blues

Drummer for the beloved Fleet Foxes, Tillman’s solo work is decidedly more conventional. Most songs are traditional guitar driven singer/songwriter, and so the songs don’t stand out as much as the mood and vocals, which tend to sound a lot like Ray Lamontagne. Where Fleet Foxes base their tunes on layers, Tillman is basically linear. It is a solid album, a sort of effortless listen best suited to falling asleep.

Top Tracks: “First Born” and “James Blues”



This is music I like I hope you like it too

Buld Voice - Dan Deacon
Comfy in Nautica - Panda Bear
Heartbeats - The Knife
In the Flowers - Animal Collective
Water Curses - Animal Collective
Inni Mer Syngur Vitleysingur - Sigur Ros
Lion with a Shark's Head - Dan Deacon
Destrokk - MGMT (from their early days)
Wolves - Phosphorescent
For Reverend Green - Animal Collective
I Love Creedence - Casiotone
The Purple Bottle - Animal Collective
Sun Lips - Black Moth Super Rainbow
On a Neck, On a Spit - Grizzly Bear
DVNO - Justice
Jimmy Joe Roche - Dan Deacon
Insect Eyes - Devendra Banhart
Acceptable in the 80's - Calvin Harris
Woman - MSTRKRFT (and Wolfmother)



-peter siegenthaler

Are You Listening?

by Peter McLaughlin

Pop quiz. When was the last time you listened to music?

Time's up. If your answer was "I'm listening to music right now," you fail. Other possible incorrect answers were "I listened to music earlier today when I was studying, reading, driving, working out, having sex, cleaning my room, doing my radio show, building a snowman, washing my oxen, protesting the proliferation of cosmic love in South East Asia, and so on." No, I'm sorry, but you didn't listen to music when you were doing any of these things. When you were reading, you were focusing on the words. When you were driving, you were focusing on the road. When you were doing your radio show, you were figuring out what song you were going to play next, wondering whether or not your radio voice is sexy, and thinking about how it's too bad your listeners can't see how damn good looking you are. Are you beginning to see my point?

Okay. I'm a nice guy, so I'll give you a make-up exam. When was the last time you really listened to music? I'll let that marinate for a minute.

It's a much harder question, isn't it? Now don't feel bad if you're not sure, you can't remember, or even if you think you may have never really listened to music. It's actually not something many people do often and I'm as guilty as anyone else. Let's break it down for a moment...

According to Merriam-Webster, the definition of "listen" is as follows:

- 1: to pay attention to sound
- 2: to hear something with thoughtful attention
- 3: to be alert to catch an expected sound

The problem with how the vast majority of people listen to music is that they rarely do any of these things. Maybe you disagree. Maybe you think that when you were feeling nostalgic this morning and put on The New Kids on the Block's "Step by Step" while you were straightening your hair, you were really, truly listening to music. Maybe. But had it not been the 12,659th time you've listened to that song and instead was the first time, I bet you wouldn't have been able to tell me much about the song you just "listened" to. The fact of the matter is that despite how prevalent the false notion of "multi-tasking" is in our 21st century world, the human mind can only do one thing at a time. Therein lies the problem with how (most) people listen to music (most of the time).

So here is my definition of "listen":

1. to think with your ears
2. to consciously focus your mind on sound
3. to live (albeit briefly) in an entirely auditory world

See also: meditation, transcendence, out-of-body experiences

It's certainly not an easy thing to do, especially as we are constantly "taught" how to not listen to music. Music is ubiquitous in the 21st century world. We are constantly bombarded with it, in commercials, malls, movies, elevators, restaurants, and offices. Music sells us products, creates a certain atmosphere, and keeps us moving, interested and productive. But rarely, in all these uses of music, are we really supposed to listen to the music. We are supposed to hear it, allow it to affect us on a subconscious level, but never focus on it. There's always something else that our mind is supposed to focus on, whether it's that Tide gets the stain out faster or how dreamy Josh Hartnett is.

So why does any of this even matter? Why, you ask? Because music may be the most powerful thing in the world. It is expressive. It is transformative. It is transcendent. Music is all these things, but really I should say it can be all these things. Because it takes some conscious, focused listening to unlock music's full potential.

The phonograph, the ability to record music and play it back at any time, really started the problem. Before the phonograph, the western world understood that music was a deeply serious thing. They went to a concert. They sat and attentively listened to a performance that they would never hear again. They laughed. They cried. They applauded ferociously. Once they even rioted (see: Stravinsky's Rite of Spring premiere, 1913).

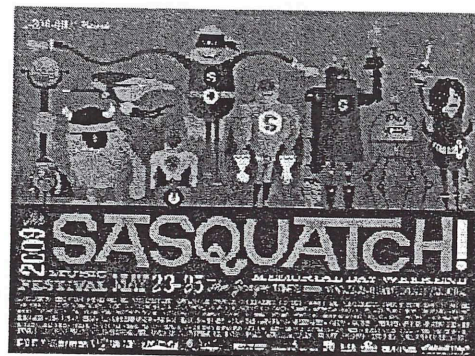
This is what you must do. No, not riot. Listen. Really listen. Turn off all the lights. Take out your iPod. Cue up your favorite song. Lie in bed. Relax every muscle in your body. Close your eyes. Click play. It doesn't matter whether it's Lil Wayne's "Lollipop" or the Bach Cello Suite in G major. Either way, open yourself up, take it all in, follow the music note to note, beat to beat, feel the rhythms and the phrasing, listen to all the subtleties and intricacies, and let yourself be moved by the incredible power of music. Sure, you can't do this every time you listen to music and you wouldn't want to. But I think it's something important to come back to, at least once in a while. Why? So you don't forget just how beautiful, beautiful music can be, just how powerful music really is, and maybe, just so you don't forget why you love the music you do.



When: June 11-14

Where: Manchester, TN

Who: Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, Phish, Beastie Boys, Nine Inch Nails, Snoop Dogg, Paul Oakenfold, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, MGMT, The Decemberists, Girl Talk



When: May 23-25

Where: Quincy, Washington (At The Gorge)

Who: Jane's Addiction, Nine Inch Nails, The Walkmen, The Avett Brothers, Explosions in the Sky, M83, The Doves, Kings of Leon



When: July 31 - August 2

Where: Jersey City, NJ

Who: Beastie Boys, Yeah Yeah Yeahs, Vampire Weekend, MSTRKRFT, The National, Tool, My Bloody Valentine, Gogol Bordello, Arctic Monkeys, Coldplay, MGMT, Mogwai

Disquisition from a Topless Café

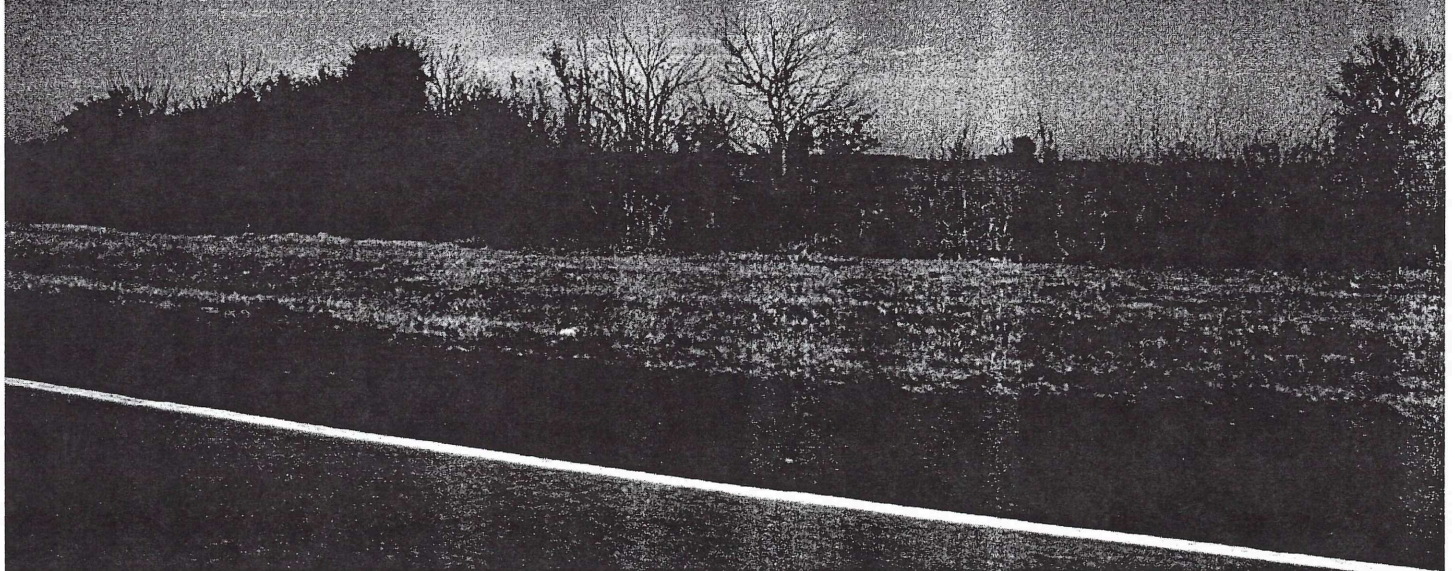
- Jeffery Alvarez 12'

Hello, welcome to the Grand View. My name is so and so, what can I get you? While I think of a response, how about I describe the place? The Grand View Café is a renovated roadside motel overlooking a weatherworn stretch of highway 201 on the eastern rim of Vassalboro, Maine. The old motel has a lime-green roof, walls of federal bureau brown, and the dour, domesticated look of a working class suicide. The kind of motel with police tape strung up like party-streamers; where the grim, suffocating inevitability of a beer-can philosopher's punch-line lingers in a haunting residue of ennui, anomie, and wasted country hours. You see plenty of these places strung out across the American highway: an architecture designed not to trigger memory but logo-recognition. And somehow this shining piece of Americana had turned up in USA Today, enjoyed a 2-inch blurb of stardom, on account of an ingenious business plan. *I'll have a coffee*, I said to her medically amplified chest, smiled, and waited. The topless waitress smiled, *Coming right up*, she said.

For those of you who had fantasized about the Topless Café, entertained a little storyline about a cute New York couple retiring and moving to small-town Maine with the ambition of spreading the enlightenment, lose hope now. The Café is a sham: they sell either tea or coffee in paper cups for three dollars apiece and maybe they have cinnamon buns. Falling miserably short of chic-establishment,

the Café distances itself from the redeeming and opposite pole of strip joint-glitz. The result is an uneasy limbo where you sit in suspended animation, terrified. The lights are bright; they don't serve cocktails. There is no reason to be here but to stare at your waitress's tits, yet nothing in the atmosphere dismantles the ego for licentious enjoyment. Now, philosophizing is pusillanimous when succumbed to at social functions such as sex, and here, in this place, I surrendered to the urge of thinking intelligent thoughts to distance myself from that horrid tableau. On my mind were sex, anomie, and the hulking, incontrovertible motion of the mainstream.

I'm jealous of people with neuroses – they have more direction in life. An endearing fixation, a perverse desire, a bout of auto-erotic response has come to represent not an anti-social hankering but a trendy 'quirk'. Lost in the anomie of modern art's failure to cope with mechanical reproduction, the subject, and the culture industry, is slowly rejecting Pop irony in favor of a more personalized milieu. Advanced market researchers, fresh out of college with Baudrillard and Barthes in hand, have uncovered the capacious potential of a self-referential thought-industry which will replace the declining production of hardware no longer the privileged or profitable enterprise of the west. Ascending at lightning speed to the pinnacle of Maslow's hierarchy, they prepare young minds to forge thriving businesses serving innovative avenues of self-



expression. But hasn't the very notion of the subject become passé since postmodernism or those Andy Warhol prints? Foucault's 'missing subject' is undermined, not contradicted, by the singular personality of Foucault. Derrida's collector of bricolage is more keenly aware of him or her or it-self as a polyvalent entity. Without the onerous expectation of spontaneous originality, the 'devalued' subject now enjoys unprecedented freedom in exploring the influences it transmits and receives.

The resulting meticulous categorization of likes and dislikes informs a market all the better equipped to supply the subject's demands. Thus, the 'quirk' is in; mainstream is out. Or, rather, the quirk has become mainstream, signaled by the withdrawal of funding from prime-time television and its reinvestment into the facilitation and web-powered distribution of cultural niches. For every bizarre music taste, a niche; for every sexual desire, a custom-tailored gratification; for every assertion of individuality, a new mode of production. For instance, take this regulation highway motel. Constructed in the optimistic days of fresh, sprawling suburbia, it now looks like so much else from that era: a different colored box. But in a time of economic recession and the smarter business planning necessary in its wake, the box is given a pulse. Will the pulse endure? Will the subject newly touched become a passé nightmare? Will I long for the days

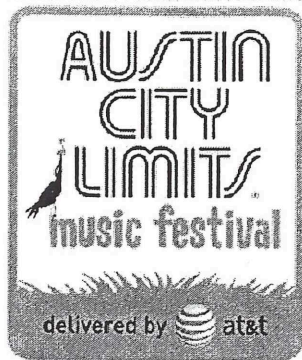
of bland impersonality?

The waitress brings me my coffee. *Are you OK?* she asks. *Oh, me? Yes, fine.* She considers my reflection leans down. *Oh God! You don't look fine to me,* she replies. A little too well trained in college, my coffee cup occupies my visual field. *You see that man over there?* She points over to a slouched mustache in a camouflage jacket. *You see that man's from New Jersey, drives trucks for Nabisco up and down the east coast. He met this art girl from New York who was into industrial installations. She invited him to her apartment. He was sitting on her couch in a John Deere Cap smoking a cigarette, when she said she'd be back in a moment, that she was changing into something more comfortable. After twenty minutes, he walked into her bedroom and found her dead on the floor in nylons and an Iranian gasmask. The mask didn't work and she couldn't get the thing off. He turned out the lights and left. Now after that happened, he drove all the way here and slumped down just like you. I just wanted you to know, you're not alone here.* *Oh no Miss,* I reply. *It's nothing like that, it's really, really nothing. I'm depressed about the condition of our culture, about the impending blandness of individuality, about Art!* She convulses, stands straight up. For the first time directly her and her majesty confronts me. Then she's gone. I pray for neuroses.

Grand View Topless Cafe

Exit 69

Continued...



When: October 2-4
Where: Austin, TX
Who: Rumored Acts Include Dave Matthews Band,
The B-52's, Beastie Boys, Long Legend, Sonic Youth Say



When: May 23-25
Where: Detroit, Michigan
Who: Carl Cox, Derrick May, Loco Dice vs.
Luciano, Damien Lazarus, RJD2



When: August 7-9
Where: Chicago, IL
Who: Jane's Addiction, Nine Inch Nails, T.E.A.

Even Cowgirls Get the Blues Playlist by Rachel Bryan-Auker '10

1. These Boots are Made for Walkin' - Nancy Sinatra
2. Knoxville Girl - The Lemonheads
3. My 45 - Holly Golightly & The Brokeoffs
4. Down Home Girl - Old Crow Medicine Show
5. Just Because I'm A Woman - Dolly Parton
6. Sweet Little Things - Lucero
7. Boots or Hearts - The Tragically Hip
8. Country Caravan - Blitzen Trapper
9. Santy Anno - Spider John Koerner
10. Here Comes Goodbye - Alison Krauss
11. Save the Last Dance - Emmylou Harris
12. Warm & Tender Love - Caitlin Cary & Thad Cockrell
13. She - The Pretenders & Emmylou Harris
14. Memphis Pearl - Lucinda Williams
15. Look at Miss Ohio - Gillian Welch
16. Country Gal - John Dee Holeman & The Waifs
17. Loving Her Was Easier (Than Anything I'll Ever Do Again) - Kris Kristofferson
18. Tiffany Anastasia Lowe - June Carter Cash
19. Bad Things - Jace Everett
20. My Wife Thinks You're Dead - Junior Brown
21. San Antonio Girl - Lyle Lovett
22. Pack Up Your Sorrows - Kelly Willis & Bruce Robison
23. Good Hearted Woman - Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson
24. One With The Sun - Shelby Lynne
25. Blue Moon of Kentucky - Patsy Cline

"Cowboy Negative" by Maggie Brenner '10



CONCERT CALENDAR APRIL - MAY 2009

APRIL

- 1 - Katy Perry - House of Blues
- 2 - John Scofield - Port City Music Hall - Portland
- 3 - WBOR presents Wale - Morrell Lounge - Bowdoin
- 3 - The Bad Plus - Berklee Performance Center - Boston
- 4 - Mamadou Diabate - Arts Council - Tamworth, NH
- 5 - Gutbucket - Broad Institute - Cambridge
- 7 - GZA Genius - The Asylum - Portland
- 8 - Ladytron & The Faint - House of Blues
- 9 - Mr. Lif & Akrobatik - The Asylum - Portland
- 10 - Fred Wesley - The Asylum - Portland
- 10 - Guster - Colby College - Waterville
- 11 - Ray Lamontagne - Merrill Auditorium - Portland
- 13 - Rickie Lee Jones - Port City Music Hall - Portland
- 14 - Charlie Musselwhite - Strand Theatre - Rockland, ME
- 16 - Acid Mothers Temple - Middle East - Cambridge, MA
- 17 - Ani DiFranco - Merrill Auditorium - Portland
- 17 - The Machine - Port City Music Hall - Portland
- 18 - The Books - Colby College - Waterville
- 18 - Soulive - The Asylum - Portland
- 19 - Indigo Girls - Merrill Auditorium - Portland
- 19 - Lily Allen - House of Blues - Boston
- 20 - Ratatat - House of Blues - Boston
- 21 - Of Montreal - Paradise - Boston
- 22 - Bruce Springsteen - TD Banknorth Garden - Boston
- 23 - Garaj Mahal - Port City Music Hall - Portland
- 24 - Termanology - Port City Music Hall - Portland
- 25 - The Machine - Showcase Live - Foxboro, MA
- 26 - Travis - House of Blues - Boston
- 27 - Toumani Diabate - Dartmouth College - Hanover, NH
- 28 - Ben Folds - Collins Center - Orono, ME
- 28 - Peter Bjorn & John - Paradise - Boston
- 29 - The Doobie Brothers - The Music Hall - Portsmouth, NH
- 30 - Chick Corea - Berklee Performance Center - Boston

MAY

- 1 - Bret Michaels - Hampton Beach Casino Ballroom - Hampton, NH
- 2 - Lupe Fiasco - Whittemore Center Arena - Durham, NH
- 3 - Yanni - Agganis Arena - Boston
- 4 - GWAR - 103 Ultra - Orono, ME
- 6 - The Thermals - Space - Portland
- 12 - Atmosphere & Brother Ali - The Asylum - Portland
- 13 - Dan Deacon - Middle East - Cambridge, MA
- 14 - Animal Collective - House of Blues - Boston
- 16 - Rustic Overtones - Stone Mountain - Brownfield, ME
- 16 - Easy Star All-Stars - The Asylum - Portland